

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE.

## THE

# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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### SONG OF THE "LOWER CLASSES."

We plough and sow, we're so very, very low.  
That we delve in the dirty clay;  
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,  
And the hill with the fragrant hay.  
Our place we know, we're so very, very low,  
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;  
We're not too low the grain to grow,  
But too low the bread to eat.

We're low, very low—mere rabble, we know—  
And yet at our plastic power,  
The plan at the lordling's feet will grow,  
Into palace and church and tower.  
Then prostrate we fall in the rich man's hall,  
And cringe at the rich man's door,  
We're not too low to build the wall,  
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—  
And yet from our fingers glide  
The silken flow and the robes that glow  
Round the limbs of the sons of pride;  
And what we get, and what we give,  
We know, and we know our share;  
We're not too low the cloth to weave,  
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low—  
And yet when the trumpets ring,  
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go  
Through the heart of the proudest king.  
We're low, very low—mere rabble, we know—  
We're only the rank and file;  
We're not too low to kill the foe,  
But too low to share the spoil.

EARNEST JONES.

## A Girl of the Proletaire.

### HER MESSAGE.

The below letter, which was sent to the New York "Weekly People," is a crushing indictment against the iniquities of the capitalist system. In plain, simple, and sincere strokes the writer depicts with what a heavy hand the system strikes down struggling souls. The very plainness of her narrative renders it all the more forcible and telling, and the modest undertone, vibrant with deep human feeling, renders it all the more touching.

Dayton, Ohio, January 7, 1917.

(Editor, "Weekly People").

While I was coming home from work one night I saw one of your papers lying in the gutter. It was covered with mud. I took it home, washed it, and dried it over the coal oil stove—my mother uses to cook on.

The reason I picked this paper up was by hearing it advertised at a street corner one night. I remember the young speaker said it was a friend of the working class. I will never forget the words of the speaker: "You have nothing to lose, but your chains, and the whole world to gain." How true those words are. They mean so much. To me it meant a great deal. So when I saw this paper in the gutter, I recognised its heading, "Weekly People."

My father, who is a victim of drink, and a loyal Catholic, saw it was a Socialist paper; became very angry, and tore it into bits, and threw them out the back door. After scouring around in the back yard, which is full of mud, I gathered the pieces, and after my father had gone to bed, I pasted them together on cardboard and spent the evening reading. I cannot find words to express the inspiration, the new hope, that the paper aroused in me. I could feel an anxiety to do something for the workers.

When I return from work to a measely three-roomed hut, surrounded by swampy low ground, near a fertilising plant, I find my mother worried and tired; damp clothes hanging around the rooms, and a dish of soup for my supper. I have three brothers and four sisters. We are half clad, half-starved. Their little

## Extracts from Modern Writers.

A story I have been reading about a girl, who had lodgings in a working girl's home, where they had to conform to certain rules, one of which was to be in by 10 o'clock at night, gives a glimpse of the dawn of the rebel spirit.

One Mary Graham was often out late, and so one of the "Ladies' Committee" was sent to admonish her. Judith Brunswick, the committee lady, started off to lecture her, but Mary also wanted to have a say.

Mary: "You always know, when you start out anywhere, how long you're going to be gone?"

"No," honestly replied Judith. After a minute she forced herself to say, "And yet, if there are, as you say, advantages in living here, might it not be worth while to give in on that point, and —"

Again she was interrupted; not at first by words, but by the blaze of passion in the girl's eyes.

"Give in!" she cried. "Give in!—that's just it. That's all there is to life—this give in, and 'give in,' and 'give in.' What's left? That's what I'd like you to tell me! That's what I want to know before I 'give any more!'"

Judith, staggered, could not reply, and the girl, powerless to hold back what had been loosened, broke out again: "I tell you I'm tired of giving in! It's nothing but 'give in.' Why, the whole thing's an institution, and you've to keep the rules of that institution, and to do that you give in, till after a while you aren't there. I tell you I know! You go!"

A little cry escaped Judith Brunswick. "Why—I know that," she gasped. "Why—I know that!"

"I'll tell you where I go at night sometimes." The other girl tossed her head, as if defending her inmost stronghold. "I'll tell you where I was the other night, when I came in after eleven, and Mrs. Hughes said she would have to 'speak to the ladies.' I wasn't at a dance hall," she laughed mockingly. "I was by myself. I took a walk. I was trying—the defiance had fallen from her, leaving her quite exposed—"trying to get back to myself; back —"; there was a break in the voice.

"I walked a long way up the river; up to a place I know, where you can see far things. It was moonlight. I sat on a hill a long time, not thinking about what time it was. I was—"

Again she broke off; then demanded, "When bones stick out through their clothes."

I tell you, Mr Editor, it's hard on us, poor girls. If a poor girl does anything wrong, nobody wants her; you have no friends to give you a kind word. All you get is abuse; and they trample on your heart until it bleeds with sorrow and despair.

I think the whole society is wrong. The rich want everything. They grind their wealth out of our flesh and blood. And when we become too old for their use, we are kicked in the street. And we then turn to the poor-house, our last salvation.

I tell you, a poor man's home is hell; the whole world is hell, and the millionaires are the devils.

I get ten cents, every week for spending money. Enclosed you will find this week's ten cents to fight the damnable system. It isn't very much, but it means a lot. I haven't got an education, but I've got a mind, and I can think. I'll be glad when summer comes, so I can hear those speakers again. I like to hear them talk. It makes you believe life is worth while, after all. We can fight for something better.

I hope this is published in your paper. May be it will reach some other poor girl, who has given up hope.

A WORKING GIRL.

you're educated, can you tell things?"

"Do you ever feel it?" she cried. "That life's rushing past you—rushing right past you? Do you ever want to reach out with your two hands and take it? Do you ever feel that something's swinging shut? Something that won't open again? Like something in you had been beaten back? Something really you beaten back till it doesn't often move any more? Oh, I try to make myself a wooden thing! But there comes those times when you know—and then—then—the wooden thing gets smashed a little," was all she could say, and tried to laugh.

After a moment, she looked up at Judith to say, "I'll tell you what I was doing the other night. I was thinking about God." Then as if not quite sure of Judith, after all, she added, defensively, "Not like church."

When Judith got home. She went up to her room, wanting to be alone with what she had found out about Judith Brunswick. A whole new world was opening from the fact that the very thing that pressed against the surface of her own life was there—more powerful, more passionate in the life of Mary Graham. It was the same revolt against the eating in of custom, against the closing down of routine around one; the same outreaching from grooves of living one had been forced into; that same flutter of the soul against 'giving in.'

For two years Judith Brunswick had been home from college; they were two years of giving in. "WHAT'S LEFT?"

And so she chewed the cud over her experience, and did some analysing with herself.

Once more life challenged her, and the old sense of power surged up to meet the challenge. She had known there was a fight; through Mary it was made real to her that it was a fight for freeing life. She would find her own. Well, Mary Graham was her own. She would reach her—would break through the separate crusts place and custom had formed about them.

Next afternoon she had to meet the "Ladies' committee," and she did her best to explain why Mary Graham could not very well keep that rule.

First of all, they did not believe it. Then they said it was not respectable. "Why, she might be arrested!"—it would give the Home a queer name, etc. "Her minister should see into it," etc.

Later on she meets Mr. Emmons, the husband of one of the "Ladies" on the committee, who has heard about it from his wife, and he says he is interested. "Maybe because I used to have somewhat the same feeling myself—when I was young." He laughed, embarrassed at the confession. And Judith told him all about Mary Graham. He kept nodding as if understanding. "Well," he said, "it's a feeling that comes to some of us—when we are young." He laughed again, and was looking off up the river.

"But we get over it," he said, coming back and speaking in a voice nearer his usual brisk, businesslike tone. "We have to play the game, you know—and, yes, we do have to keep the rules."

"Even though it might be the finest thing in us tried to break through?" she asked.

"Oh—the finest thing in us. . . ." He muttered, and was again looking off up the river.

She watched him. Here was one who had given in, overcome by things that were fixed; held, perhaps, in the mesh of affection. And now he was something different, something made by the things he had given in to.

Sharply it came to her that that was the price paid for giving it. One changed; some things died down; other things developed, until the balance was different. One's quality changed. One settled down into the feeling that one couldn't do any differently and wrested a certain mournful satisfaction from the sadness of surrender. She straightened for combat, throwing off the drugging effect of those false satisfactions.

"No," he came back to her again: "we have to play the game, and to play the game we have to keep the rules."

As he said it, she knew with simple certitude that it was not so. She knew it for the great human error and weakness knew that it was wickedly wasteful; fairly unholy in its blundering tampering with life. It took life. Was that not enough to say against it? And life was more valuable than anything that would shut life in—yes, and stronger than

## Some Anti-Conscriptionists Who Failed.

By G. de P.

There is little need to state that revolutionary Socialists are anti-conscriptionists, but we are anti-conscriptionists who are not dismayed at the result of the Federal Elections.

The reason of our optimism is obvious to those people who understand the make-up of capitalism, the advancing forces of Socialism, and the reaction of those forces who until recently swung the elections in favor of the Labor Party (mis-called the Labor movement).

The elements that were brought together to consolidate the "No Conscription" vote were ones that could not combine for a long period. Immediately the Referendum vote was taken, there were forces at work that began to act upon the solid, and so split up the elements, the greater part returning to their original positions.

If, however, the question of compulsory military service in the present war is submitted to the people of Australia, I feel confident that the disintegrated elements can be recollected, and used as before.

The decaying Labor Party failed to perceive that the large anti-conscription vote was inflated by Liberal, Socialist, and Anarchist votes. These antagonistic sections of society came together, not for the purpose of bolstering up a fake anti-conscriptionist party, but for the common purpose of defeating the proposal to extend the Labor Party's conscription and murder laws.

Although the Labor Party did some anti-conscription propaganda, it was very late in the day when it commenced to see the menace.

The parliamentary members of the Labor Party, although they sat in the Hughes Cabinet, granted supply, and acquiesced in the "call up" proclamation, had the audacity to come before the electors as true blue anti-conscription leaders.

The worst part of the whole business is that the Trade Union Congress exposed the impotency of craft unionism to combat the calling up of its membership for compulsory military training by direct action, or by appealing to its political reflex in Parliament.

It has been said that there are Socialists in the Labor Party; if this is correct, I cannot understand them, for one moment, stopping within its folds.

If these alleged Socialists are class-conscious, if they understand that a class war is in existence, then why do they continue to bolster up a fake Labor Party that does not recognise the class war, but support capitalism and their wars?

We read from time to time in the official organ of the Capitalist Labor Party ("The Shriker") statements about Socialism that are likely to trap the uninformed. We then go to the street corners at election time, and listen to muck and piffle from the mouths of these alleged Socialists. We go to bed, not caring what the vote for the capitalist parties is; we know our cause is based upon a philosophy that must in time reward us for our labors.

In fighting solidly and determinedly for the social revolution that will usher in the industrial republic, we fight in a civilised manner, and at the same time not allowing any side issues of capitalism to draw us from the straight, narrow path of our revolutionary class philosophy.

The anti-conscriptionists who failed at the Federal Elections were the Revolutionary Socialists. There was a number of P.L.L. nominees, who are conscriptionists, who failed to gain the reins of Capitalist Government under the anti-conscription cloak.

built up things that held it in!

Why, she owed no allegiance to an order that held life in chains! As she saw the live things falling back in this man, and the things of custom once more, shutting down around him, she knew her own way out. In the fight for freeing Mary Graham, she would free herself from her bourgeois environment.

He said again, putting down something stubbornly insurgent in himself, "You see, we do have to keep the rules."

And something in her, freed by saying it, leaped up and made her strong as she looked at him and triumphantly answered, "I don't have to!"

—Abridged from "Harper's Magazine."

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## WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS DUE.

Every subscriber will be notified by circular  
when his subscription runs out. The number  
of the last issue to be posted will be indicated.The Lady or the Tiger—  
Which?

BY F. SUTHERLAND.

The above ancient problem is susceptible of application to modern conditions—to class problems—for instance. The story or legend has it that, in ancient Rome two women of high social standing were in love with one man: a not improbable occurrence according to authorities on the "divine" passion. As monogamy obtained they could not both have him, and it appears he favoured the lady of lesser social rank. The result was the other fair competitor had him thrown into prison. Her father having the power of life and death in his hand, and no doubt wearied by domestic polemics, on the subject resolved on a drastic solution. He ordered that the prisoner be placed in the arena, and in close proximity a tiger in a cage. He then addressed his daughter to the effect that as the prisoner would not marry her she had her choice either to release him so he could marry her competitor, or open the door of the tiger's cage, so neither of them could have him. What his daughter said and did, is not revealed, and the reader can solve the problem what she would probably do, as he or she thinks would be the most likely decision.

The modern application of this legend is the relation between national and class feeling, and the relative strength of this feeling. For appropriate scenic effect and some other causes, the arena in this case may be said to be in Germany.

When war was declared on Russia, the German ruling class assured the German working men that Russia was altogether barbarous, and lacking in culture, and that they must defend the Fatherland at all hazards against the hordes of Muscovy. Now suppose the German working men had said: "We will defend Germany if as a result of our defeating the Russians Germany and all it contains becomes the property of the German people, in short, social ownership with democratic control. Otherwise we will allow the Russian ruling class to own the country." In these circumstances what would the German ruling class do?

If they agreed to the working class demand, they would endorse Socialism, and prove they really and truly preferred their own people, irrespective of social status, in preference to even Russians of their own social standing—that is of the ruling class. If, on the other hand, they would prefer Russian domination as the lesser of two evils, they would clearly prove that they preferred Russians of their own class or social standing, to the working men of their own country, and that in the last analysis, class patriotism was more enduring than national patriotism; and that in their estimation the ruling class of an enemy country was preferable to the working class of their own country. Your readers can decide for themselves what the German ruling class would do, and I think the solution will be comparatively easy compared with the Roman lady's likely decision.

## Progress not Blind Chance.

## Its Spiral Path

BY J.D. and W.H.

Benedetto Croce in his Essay on Labriola's "Essays on the Materialist Conception of History," says:

"Labriola has finely said that the very forecasts of Socialism are merely morphological" (e.g., a skeleton framework or form that will be filled out by the necessity of the future) "in nature; and in fact, neither Marx nor Engels would ever have asserted in the abstract that communism must come about by an unavoidable necessity, in the manner in which they foresaw it."

Yet Labriola distinctly says: "The perfect theoretical knowledge of Socialism lies in the understanding of its historic necessity."

Croce further asks: "If history is always accidental, why in this Western Europe of ours, might not a new barbarism arise owing to the effect of incalculable circumstances? Why should not the coming of communism be rendered superfluous by some of those technical discoveries which, as Marx himself has proved, have hitherto produced the greatest revolutions in the course of history?"

We query if history is always accidental. There is a sequence in events that gives the lie to blind chance.

History takes the form of a spiral, but always progresses in an upward direction, or to use another illustration, take a piece of wood being washed ashore by the sea waves. Each wave takes the wood to a certain point and then recedes, but the next wave comes along and takes it higher, till finally the piece of wood is left upon the shore.

A new barbarism may arise in the form of a servile militaristic state, certainly. But history will not stand still at that point. The inherent antagonisms in such a state will bring about its downfall in its turn. One can hardly conceive of a One Universal Servile State. Where there are opposing material interests there will be friction.

The very necessity of the Brotherhood of Man makes progress move towards that outcome.

Sooner or later we shall be confronted with the tremendous convulsion of social bankruptcy, which is to give birth to a new society.

The Credit system—the financial mechanism upon which capitalistic society rests—already precarious and becoming more so with each year, is subject to the sudden vanishing of the social faith—a foundation of straw.

Who can say but what the upheaval in Europe now taking place will not intercept the progress, and ease the breakdown of capitalistic monopolisation before reaching its final and logical goal?

Truly it has been said that every step capitalism takes forward, its inevitable enemy takes two in its rear.

Anyone who lacks faith in the Progress of Man should read that grand series of Sue's "The mysteries of the People," or the story of a Proletarian family through the ages.

We cannot do better than to append an extract from that source.

It is taken from "The Galley Slave's Ring." Marik Lebrunn has just been liberated from the galleys. Scene: Paris. Time: 1850.

The family of Marik Lebrunn were assembled in their little parlor on the day after his arrival. It was the birthday of his son, who on that day completed his twenty-first year.

"My son," Lebrunn said to Sacroriv, "to-day you are twenty-one years of age. The time has come to introduce you to the chamber with the closed window that has so often excited your curiosity. You are about to become acquainted with its contents. I wish first to explain to you the reason for and the cause of this mystery. The moment you are initiated, my son, I know your curiosity will turn to pious respect. Accident has so willed it that the day of your initiation into this family mystery should be providentially

chosen. Since my arrival yesterday, we have given ourselves over to tokens of love, and have had little time to consider public matters. Nevertheless, a few words that escaped you cause me to apprehend that you feel discouraged—that you may even despair."

"It is but too true, father," answered Sacroriv.

"When one witnesses the things that are happening every day," added George, "one may well feel alarmed for the future of the Republic and of mankind."

"Well, tell me children," asked Lebrunn, with his usual smile, "what is happening that is so very terrible? Tell me all about it."

"Everywhere at this hour the people's liberty is being kicked and cuffed, and even strangled by the henchmen of absolute kings. Italy, Prussia, Germany, Hungary, are all again forced under the bloody yoke that, electrified by our example in 1848, they that year broke, relying upon our support as their brothers! To the north-east the despot of the Cossacks planted one foot upon Poland, another upon Hungary, smothered both countries in their own blood, and now threatens the independence of Europe with his knout, and is even ready to hurl upon us his savage hordes!"

"Similar hordes, my children, our wooden-shod fathers rolled in the dust in the days of the Convention—we shall do as much. As to the kings, they massacre, they threaten, they foam at the mouth with rage—and, above all, with terror! Already they see myriads of avengers arise out of the blood of the martyrs whom they assassinated. These crown-carriers have the vertigo. And there is good reason therefor. If a European war breaks out, immediately the Revolution will raise its head in their own camp and devour them. If peace prevails, the pacific tide of civilisation will rise higher and higher, and engulf their thrones. Proceed, children."

"But at home!" cried George. "At home!"

"Well, my friend, what is happening at home?"

"Alas, father! Mistrust, fear, misery sowed everywhere by the hereditary enemies of the people and the bourgeoisie. Credit is destroyed. Turn around, the population, misled, betrayed and deceived, mutinies against the Republic."

"Poor, dear blind boys!" replied Lebrunn, with his placid and sarcastic smile.

"Does not the prodigious industrial movement that is going on among the working class and the bourgeoisie strike your eyes? Only consider the innumerable working men's associations that are founded on all sides; consider the admirable attempts made at establishing banks of exchange, commercial bureaux, etc. Of these attempts some are already crowned with success, others are still doubtful, but they are all undertaken with intelligence, boldness, probity, perseverance and faith in the democratic future of society. Do not they prove that the people and the bourgeoisie, no longer leaning upon the Government for support, seek their strength and resources in themselves, with the end in view of freeing themselves from capitalist and usurious exploitation? Believe me, my children, when the mass of a people like ours goes about seeking the solution of the problem as to the source of their true liberty, of their labor, of their wellbeing and the wellbeing of their families, the problem can not remain unsolved, and, with Socialism giving its help, the problem will be solved."

"But where are our forces, father? Our party is shattered! The republicans are hounded down, calumniated, imprisoned, proscribed!"

"And what is the conclusion you draw from your discouragement, my boys?"

"Alas," answered Sacroriv, sadly, "what we fear is the ruin of the Republic and the return of the days of old; retrogression instead of progress; the desolate conviction that, instead of steadily marching forward, mankind is fatedly

condemned to turn in a circle, unable ever to step out of that iron grip. If the Republic goes down we run the risk of retrogressing, who knows how far back, perhaps back to the point from which our fathers started in 1789!"

"That, indeed, is exactly what the royalists say and hope, my children. That the royalists should be blind enough to incur that error in logic is easily understood. Nothing blinds so completely as passion, interests, or caste prejudices. But that we, my children, that we should shut our eyes to the obvious evidences of progress, evidences more glaring than the sun, and plunge ourselves in the dismal vapors of doubt—that we, my children, should do the sanity of our cause the injustice of questioning its power and its ultimate, supreme triumph, when on all sides it manifests—"

"But, father—"

"As I was saying, when it manifests its power on all sides! I repeat it—under such circumstances to allow oneself to be disheartened and discouraged, that would be to endanger our cause. But humanity pursues its steady march onward, despite the incredulity, the blindness, the weakness, and also the crimes of man!"

"But father—does humanity, indeed, march steadily on the path of progress?"

"Steadily, my son."

"But yet, centuries ago, our forefathers the Gauls lived free and happy! Nevertheless were they not forced backward on the path of progress? They were despoiled and enslaved by the Roman conquest, and later by the Frankish kings." "I did not say, my friends, that our forefathers did not suffer; what I said was that mankind marched onward. The latest descendants of an old world that was crumbling down on all sides to make room for the Christian world—an immense progress!—our fathers were bruised and mutilated under the falling ruins of ancient society. Nevertheless a deep-reaching and far-spreading social transformation was taking place. Mankind marches evermore—slowly, at times—never, however, does it take a step backward."

"Father, I believe you—yet—"

"Despite yourself, still you doubt, Sacroriv? I can understand it. Fortunately the LESSONS, the PROOFS, the DATA, the FACTS, the NAMES, that you are about to be made acquainted with, will go further to convince you than any words of mine. When you will see, my friends, that in the gloomiest days of our history—such days as the kings, the seigneurs, and the clergy have almost always afflicted man with; when you will see that we, the conquered, started with slavery and arrived step by step to popular sovereignty; you will then ask yourselves whether, at this hour, when we find ourselves invested with that so painfully earned sovereignty, it would not be criminal on our part to mistrust the future. To mistrust it! Great God! Oh! Our fathers, despite all their martyrdom never did mistrust the future! There was hardly a century when they failed to take a step towards deliverance! Alas, almost always that step was marked with blood! If our masters, the conquerors, showed themselves implacable, there hardly was a century when, as you will see, there were not frightful reprisals levied upon them to satisfy divine justice. Yes, you will see, there hardly was a century when the woollen cap did not rise against the casque of gold, when the peasant's scythe did not strike fire with the lance of the knight, when the horny hand of the vassal did not smite the delicately pampered hand of some episcopal tyrant! You will see it, my children—hardly a century when the infamous debauches and acts of rapine and ferocity indulged in by the kings and most of the seigneurs and upper clergy failed to rouse the people, or when they failed to protest, arms in hand, against the tyranny of the throne, the nobility and the Popes! You will see it—hardly a century, when the famishing masses, rising as inexorable as hunger, failed to throw their lordlings into terror—hardly a century without its Belshazzar's feast, buried along with its golden drinking cups, its flowers, its songs and its display of magnificence, under the avenging wave of some popular torrent. Undoubtedly, alas! The terrible, though legitimate, reprisals of the oppressed were succeeded by ferocious acts of revenge. Nevertheless, formidable examples had been made. At each recurring epoch the Revolution wrung from the hereditary oppressors of our fathers some lasting concession, registered in the law and necessarily ob-

## Workers Awake!

By W. H. LEVEY.

I remember, when a child, having my heart set on seeing some great procession or other, one of those gaudy, garish affairs that appeals to children, children in years, or children in development.

It was necessary to rise earlier than usual to get to town in time to view the display. The night before my mind was full of the wonders and enjoyment I promised myself the forthcoming day. I dreamed of the beautiful gorgeous parade; you know what such undiluted delight such things are to children. But, alas, I dreamed too long.

When I awoke the day was well advanced; the procession was over. It was too late. "Ah, lazy-bones," my mother said, "you can't see the procession now it's all over. You stayed in bed too long."

The tears came to my eyes. I remember the cloud of disappointment that dulled the bright morning—there is no disappointment in matured life, despite its wider horizon, as keen as that of ingenious childhood. I gulped back the lump that was rising in my throat. "Why didn't you call me?" I asked. "I did," said my mother, "several times." "I didn't hear you," I cried. "I was asleep."

Workers, YOU are asleep. You are being lulled by the voice of Socialism to the enjoyment of the good things of life. Harken to the voice, and awaken before it is too late. The hour-glass won't stand still for you. Its sands are running quickly all the time, and presently perhaps the procession will be over; your life will be gone, and at the end of it, coming to a realisation of what it might have been for you and your children after you, you will cry out in anguished tones of disappointment. "Why didn't you call me?" Socialism is calling, calling in a loud voice, but YOU ARE ASLEEP. Workers, awake and listen.

served."

"I believe you," said Sacrovir. "Judging the past by the present, in 1789 the Revolution conquered our freedom; in 1830 the Revolution returned to us a part of our rights; finally, last year, in 1848, the Revolution proclaimed the sovereignty of the people and universal suffrage, which is calculated to put an end to bloody fratricidal conflicts."

"And so it ever has been, my boy. You will see it—THERE IS NOT A SINGLE SOCIAL, POLITICAL, CIVIL OR RELIGIOUS REFORM THAT OUR FATHERS WERE NOT FORCED TO CONQUER FROM CENTURY TO CENTURY AT THE PRICE OF THEIR BLOOD. Alas! This is a cruel fact—it is deplorable. There was no choice but to resort to arms so long as the only answer made by the stiff-necked and inexorable enjoyers of privilege to the tears, the sorrows, the prayers of the oppressed was—No! No! No! Then frightful outbursts of rage flared up—then torrents of blood flowed on both sides. It was by dint of unterrified valor, persistent efforts, battles and martyrdom that our fathers first broke the old shackles of slavery in which the Franks kept them since the conquest. Thence they arrived at serfdom, a somewhat less horrible condition. Next, from serfs, they became vassals, thereupon subject to mortmain—each of these a step upwards. And ever thus, from step to step, cutting themselves by dint of abnegation a path across the centuries and all obstacles, they finally came so far as to conquer the sovereignty of the people. And you despair of the future, when now, thanks to universal suffrage, the disinherited are able to impose their sovereign will upon the privileged minority! What, you despair, now that power is revokable by the voice of our representatives, whom we select as the supreme judges of the executive power! What, you despair because we have had eighteen months of constant struggle and of occasional suffering! Oh, it was not for so short a period as eighteen months that our forefathers struggled and suffered; it was for the long drawn period of more than eighteen centuries! If every generation had its martyrs, it also registered its conquests! It is of those martyrs and those conquests that you are about to see the pious relics, the glorious trophies! Come my children."

Push the "I. S."

## The Worker's Vote

Must be Backed by Industrial Organisation.

(BY WOODICUS.)

One time many of the working class thought labor politicians to be of a different material to liberal or conservative political palliative mongers. But with the splitting of the Labor party into two factions, people now see their one time political idol minus its phosphorescent glow, and gaudy robes: a skeleton of the same old dry bones with the same old dry rattle common to every variety of politician.

Many supporters realise the Labor party has never advocated other than the administration of capitalism, and the keeping of the workers in slavery subject to the factory owners.

In changing their vote from Liberal to Labor, the people have only shown a preference to being kept wage slaves in bondage by plain Tom Jones the shearer, instead of by the Right Honorable Reginald Fitz-So-and-So.

This change at the ballot box was equivalent to showing a preference to being bludgeoned by a man with red whiskers instead of by a man with black whiskers.

The modern man enters the arena of politics for the same purpose as he would any other profession: to gain a livelihood. In making laws for his bread and butter, he is watchful not to do anything that may jeopardise this so easy an existence, and moulds his actions according to the desires of the people he represents. Proof of the foregoing statement can be instanced by politicians, who were conscriptionists through thinking their supporters were such. These politicians neither supported nor encouraged the anti-conscription movement in its initial stages, but when the movement triumphed over the hostile forces of public and press, becoming popular with a large section of the community, many politicians changed their view to anti-conscription.

Such a change of attitude demonstrates that politicians do not lead public opinion, but public opinion leads politicians.

A Senator, once a Socialist agitator elevated from the gutter to Parliament, is now supposed to be a renegade in that he is a jingo and imperialist. Advocacy of the latter principles are more likely to gain him greater affluence and comfort than the former are likely to do. Living in terror of falling back into the gutter with its keen sordid struggle for existence, he has taken the opportunity of getting further away from the abyss of poverty without any desire to betray the people. Having set about his own emancipation, he has left the people to work out their own salvation, and to realise the stupidity of viewing a man as a modern Christ come to deliver them into Utopia simply because he declaims against capitalism in an eloquent manner.

People in the past, who voted once every three years and then went to sleep

until the next elections, thinking their interests safe in the hands of a keeper, having gained naught by so doing, look askance at political action. They join organisations, who throw the vote to one side as being of no value in alleviating their economic subjection and social degradation. Those just mentioned are like the man who condemned a fiddle a useless instrument because he did not know how to play it.

Many proclaiming direct action as the fiery sword of deliverance, once said the same of pure and simple parliamentarism; and so supported the Labor party. The Labor party has never stood for other than the patching up of a rotten system by palliatives, and palliatives are only gained by militancy on the industrial field or a strong public demand. For the State heeds only such organisations sufficiently powerful to coerce it (the State) into granting concessions. This point is illustrated by the new temperance laws, gained without any direct political representation. A combination of religious bodies and a section of the capitalist class well organised forced the State into making the laws.

When we see organisations having such a powerful influence, we must realise that placing men into parliament, and trusting solely to them granting us concessions, is a waste of time and energy.

Direct action (peaceful industrial might) is the one and only method of gaining concessions from the State. So it follows, we must build up solid organisations on the industrial field capable of making the State act favorably to us.

Like all things the capitalist system is not stationary; it is gradually changing. This lack of stability makes palliatives appear desirable to-day, but when gained on the morrow, useless, because the conditions that warranted such palliation has passed away—displaced by new conditions which creates a demand for other palliatives. In fighting for palliatives we make no social progress. We are but stepping on a treadmill. And as labor parties and similarly constituted organisations are useless, they must be superseded by organisations that stand uncompromising for the abolition of capitalism.

The majority of people supporting the Labor ticket do so, ignorant of every plank of the Labor platform. They vote Labor because they like the name. They will vote Socialism, because they like the system. For Socialists do not expect politicians to hand them over a new social system, as a parent hands a child a toy—press the button and it works the arrangement. Socialism will be put into going order by Socialists organised into industrial unions, at the same time as their revolutionary political reflection is clearing away the debris of capitalism—the State and its machinery of coercion.

### SLAVERY.

Slavery includes all other crimes. It is the joint products of the kidnapper, the pirate, thief, murderer, and hypocrite. It degrades labour and corrupts leisure.

With the idea that labour is the basis of progress goes the truth that labour must be free. The labourer must be a free man.

I would like to see this world, at last, so that a man could die and not feel that he had his wife children a prey to the greed, the avarice, or the cruelties of mankind.

There is something wrong in a government where they who do the most have the least. There is something wrong when honesty wears a rag and rascality a robe; when the loving, the tender, eat a crust, while the infamous sit at banquets.

The labouring people should unite and protect themselves against all idlers.

You can divide mankind into two classes: The labourers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labour of others, no matter if

he occupies a throne.

We need free bodies and free minds—free labour and free thought, chainless hands and fetterless brains. Free labour will give us wealth. Free thought will give us truth.

There will never be a generation of great men until there has been a generation of free women—of free mothers.

When women reason, and babes sit in the laps of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete.

The rights of men and women should be equal and sacred—marriage should be perfect partnership—children should be governed by kindness—every family should be a republic—every fireside a democracy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

### "ENVOI."

When ashes of outworn desire  
Rose-laden paths are spilling,  
Beneath the surface molten fire,  
Rebelling is boiling.

OLIVER GORDON.

## The Materialist Conception of History

By J.A.D.

"By the aid of this conception communism, ceasing to be a hope, an aspiration, a remembrance, a conjecture, an expedient, found for the first time its adequate expression in the realisation of its very necessity, that is to say, in the realisation that it is the outcome and the solution of the struggles of existing classes. These struggles have varied according to times and places, and out of them history has developed; but, they are all reduced in our days to the single struggle between the capitalist bourgeoisie and the working men inevitably forced into the ranks of the proletariat."

"In that conception of history is embodied the whole doctrine of scientific communism. From that moment" (the publication of the Communist manifesto by Marx and Engels in 1848) "the theoretical adversaries of Socialism have no longer had to discuss the abstract possibility of the democratic socialism of the means of production; as if it were possible in this question to rest their judgment upon inductions based upon the general and common aptitudes of what they characterise as human nature. Thenceforth, the question was to recognise, or not to recognise, in the course of human events the necessity which stands over and above our sympathy and our subjective assent. Is or is not society in the countries most advanced in civilisation organised in such a way that it will pass into communism by the laws inherent in its own future, once conceding its present economic structure and the friction which it necessarily produces within itself, and which will end by breaking and dissolving it? That is the subject of all discussion since the appearance of this theory and thence follows also the rule of conduct which imposes itself upon the action of the Socialist parties whether they be composed of proletarians alone or whether they have in their ranks men who have come out from the other classes, and who join as volunteers the army of the proletariat."—Labriola.

Will Socialism then come as day follows night?

Arnold Petersen, writing in the "Weekly People," of the imbecility of the idea of an automatic consummation of the Socialist ideal, says:—"Only in this sense do I consider Socialism inevitable: I can hardly conceive of the working class, when confronted with the alternative of either submitting to abject, hopeless slavery on the one hand and the potentialities of the Industrial Republic for good and general well being, absence of poverty and misery, freedom for all on the other hand, I can hardly, I repeat, conceive of a working class, drilled and educated in Socialist principles, failing to organise so as to bring about that consummation, so devoutly wished for. And it is exactly because of my faith in man, coupled with my understanding of the economic and social forces at work, that I believe Socialism possible, not in a thousand years, BUT JUST AS SOON AS WE GET THAT WORKING CLASS ORGANISED. This again brings us back to the necessity of our giving the very best that is in us, to become active agents in this work of social regeneration, basing our tactics and methods upon material economic conditions, such as we find them."

"The mere fact of there being in existence on the one hand a small class, possessing all the wealth of society and performing no useful function; and on the other hand, a large class of propertyless beings, possessing nothing of this world's goods—the further fact that the society is reeking with rottenness and corruption—all of this is, taken by itself, no reason why Socialism should be the next logical step. In ancient Rome we find all the wealth of that time concentrated in the hands of a small clique of patricians and rich plebians; we find a large mass of propertyless freemen and slaves clamoring for more of those "worldly" things. Political corruption, immorality, in short, rottenness and general corruption was as rampant then as now. Yet no one in his senses would say that Socialism might have followed immediately upon the dissolution of the Roman Empire. We know that society had to go through that painful, though necessary, process of serfdom and wage-slavery, so that the productive forces might be developed to a point where plenty could be supplied for all with but a minimum of exertion. The potentiality for such a society is here. Therefore, Socialism IS the next logical form of society."

(To be Continued.)

## The I. W. W. Record in America

By J. A. D.

Do the Australian members of the I.W.W. really know what sort of an organisation they are internationally affiliated with?

When I look around and see some of the fine, young, earnest and enthusiastic spirits in the I.W.W. here, I can hardly think that they honestly belong to such an outfit as the I.W.W. with headquarters at Chicago. Yet many of them have preached the same tactics here that have brought discredit upon the Labor movement in America.

Below are some sidelights on how "the I.W.W. gets the goods," taken from American sources.

"Boston, May 20, 1913.—The carrying in any parade of any flag other than the national or state emblems or the flags of friendly foreign nations and their dependencies is prohibited in a bill which Governor Foss approved to-day. The penalty is a fine not to exceed 100 dollars, or six months' imprisonment, or both."

Massachusetts is the second State that has just enacted such legislation. What may be the cause, or rather, the pretext, for the State's doing so? Nothing other than the actions of the Bummery organisation, the Anarchist I.W.W. It was the Bummery's jangling of its "No God, no country" flag that gave the Massachusetts bourgeois the pretext to deprive the working class of that little liberty it had of carrying the red flag of international brotherhood. It was also the Bummery's action a year ago last May to Union Square, when it tore down the American flag to make room for its own that gave the Pennsylvania legislators a chance to legislate against the red flag in that State. Thus it is that Bummery showing the "victories" it gains for the working class.

The Labor movement, that is, the Socialist movement, has gone through struggles enough to secure the recognition of its right to carry its emblems of international brotherhood. There were days that the authorities would not allow it. It was only with the growth of the movement that the right to carry the red flag was gradually secured. Now come these anarchists who "are going to show you how to do things." Verily, they are showing.

The same thing may be said with regard to the rights of free speech. Socialists have had their own battles with capitalist authorities to have their rights recognised to hold street meetings. The battles for the right of free speech form part of the history of the working class movement. The battle has been substantially won. But along come these Bummery Anarchists with an itch, the itch for cash. How are they to get the cash, the meal tickets? Why, start a "free speech fight." Denounce the cops, not because there is a particular grievance against them, but denounce them on "general principles" and have an excuse to cry for "free funds." Those have been the tactics in the West, with the result that they have redounded against the interests of the workers in certain quarters.

The I.W.W. can do nothing but bring whatever it touches into odium.

On the field of Industrial Unionism that Anarchist I.W.W. has wrought equally disgracefully. Out in the North-West, in Raymond, and in other towns in Washington State, they have by their Anarchist tactics, brought the term and idea of industrial unionism into discredit. In Akron, O., the bums sent there by the Chicago outfit succeeded in casting odium upon the movement. In the city of New York the crowd has discredited the name of industrial unionism among a certain class of workers, namely, the waiters. The waiters made their sad experience last winter with the element, and many of them are disgusted. These Bummeryites act upon the principle of "going through" a place, and their history is one of migrating from one place to another "going through it." Spokane, Vancouver, San Diego, Lawrence, Akron, New York, are but some of the ruins. But each and all places leave no traces of any organisation to show after the sensational work subsides.

In the field of industrial unionism these I.W.W. Anarchists are performing in the same manner and with the same result that they have done in other directions; they are injuring the Labor movement by making more difficult the work of real organisation.

## SOCIALIST HALL

369 Pitt Street.

Every Friday Evening DANCE

Lecture, Sunday May 02th.,

## TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS.

Whoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

If there is no BRANCH in your locality, you can become a MEMBER AT LARGE, and thus become a REAL LIVE WIRE.

For further information, drop a line to the General Secretary, A.S.P., 115 Goulburn Street, Sydney.

Perhaps some of the fellow workers in Australia will say all the above is years old. Well, to prove that the I.W.W. is still the same Anarchist outfit, the following are some glimpses of the I.W.W. Convention held at Chicago, December, 1916.

A motion was made by Delegate St. Clair to donate 3000 dollars to the Everett Defence Fund, and in discussing it the General Executive Board, stated that Lambert, a newly nominated member for the General Executive Board, stating he was in favor if the money were used for "sab cat"—sabotage and destructive work generally—but he was not in favor of giving it to the courts. Brazier, another G.E.B. nominee, took the floor, and stated that he agreed with Lambert, but they must hire lawyers, not so much because he believed in the courts, but that it advertised the I.W.W. Then an amendment was made to make the amount 5000 dollars, and it was carried unanimously. When this amendment was made Haywood's face turned all colors. The Convention had just voted 5000 dollars for the Mesaba Range strikers in Minnesota. He probably thought that there would not be much left in the treasury if the delegates went on voting like that.

An interesting report was that about the lawyers for the Ford and Suhr cases. These lawyers refused to handle the cases if the I.W.W. continued to advocate sabotage and direct action.

The A.W.O. (agricultural workers) Industrial Union, which was represented has a membership of from 18,000 to 20,000. This seems a lot, but one who just arrived from the harvest fields told the writer that workers travelling through the West on box cars were thrown off if they had no red card of the I.W.W., and many were beaten up. He claimed that he had to join them to avoid being slugged. He said that eight or more go in groups with revolvers and board trains going out from the limits of a town and go through the train kicking and beating up any one who has no red card.

The A.W.O. has some internal troubles on hand. Some delegates wanted to find out what it was, but it was soon disposed of after one of the delegates of the A.W.O. stated that the Convention had nothing to do with them. The matter was disposed of by leaving it in the hands of the incoming executive board. One delegate declared he had letters from a delegate who could not come, and he desired to have the Convention look into this matter of the A.W.O., because a split in the organisation was likely to happen.

An attempt was made to change the quorum in a local from seven members to a minimum of 24. The point brought out in the discussion was that the change would prevent seven men from going about from town to town to pack a meeting, sparring for time, electing one of their gang, and paying him to go on a soap box. It was in this way that the band would live until the local's money was gone. It was to prevent this that the change was proposed. The proposition to change was voted down, and the quorum remains as it was, seven members.

Now, fellow workers of the I.W.W. of Australia, is it not time that you pulled out of such an Anarchist outfit as the Chicago I.W.W. and go in for a clean International Industrial Union?

## The Australian Socialist Party.



## NEWS AND NOTES.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

A social and dance in celebration of the Russian Revolution, was held at the Hall on Saturday evening, April 28th. Many Russian comrades, members, and friends helped to make the evening a success in every way.

Comrade Weissberg, M.C., organised a good programme, and made all necessary arrangements with commendable thoroughness.

On April 29th three speakers dealt with the subject of Karl Marx, whose centenary next year it is to be hoped will be celebrated with true working-class internationalism.

Coms. M. Feinberg and E. Hanks spoke on the philosophy and economics of Marx and Engels. The Life and Personality of Karl Marx were the subject of Mr. Macdonald's remarks.

Outdoor meetings at Richmond will be resumed next Friday evening. These were interrupted for the past week or two by Labor politicians, who invaded all available suburban soap box sites, to expound their reasons why capitalism should remain indefinitely as the social system worth fighting for, in this and other countries.

Comrade N. Anderson has resigned as hon. sec. of this branch, after being 16 months in office, his resignation being received with regret. He has been an able, strenuous worker for the branch. His chief work was in writing good class-conscious leaflets dealing with revolutionary Socialism. Their distribution had good effect, especially during the Referendum of last year, and helped to enlighten many of the working class as to their present position, and their real place in the sun when they shall own what they produce and abolish wage slavery.

This branch's new secretary is Comrade A. Corozzi, a capable Marxian student, and one who is capable of giving useful addresses on economics. He is young, and enthusiastic in the cause of Socialism; just the type needed in a revolutionary organisation determined to forge ahead.

Comrade E. Hanks, in address on "Protection" (Sunday, 6th May), said, "The Working Class attitude towards Protection or Free Trade is the question of a man with an axe, who holding a turkey's head on a block, asks it:—

"Which do you prefer—to be roasted or boiled?"

The working-class should favor neither protection or free trade: they should be fiscal atheists; for under either policy of a country, the workers are exploited. The issue lies in organisation for the overthrow of capitalism.

J. M., Press Corr.

## SYDNEY BRANCH.

The Sydney Branch isn't dead, it isn't even asleep, but the minute secretary has had a bad attack of—no, not laziness—but neuralgia and overwork, consequently she hasn't been doing her duties as regards reports. I hope she may be excused.

The lectures are being held in the Hall every Sunday evening. On the 29th April, Mr N. Baum lectured on "Woman." Needless to say, the discussion waxed hot and lively, and notwithstanding forcible arguments on different aspects of the question, I think everyone went home satisfied that their own particular ideas were correct.

On the 6th May, Mr. Hart gave an address on "Morality." This lecture also provoked many questions, and a heated discussion. The lecture was interesting, but, of course, as usual everybody had a different idea of what "Morality" really is.

On 13th May a lecture was given on "Karl Marx" by Comrade Reardon. The lecturer gave a short account of Marx's life, and dealt with his "message," a materialist conception of history, and surplus value.

The Park St. meetings on Sunday nights are still going strong. Paper sales continue to boom, and on May Day a successful meeting was held in the Domain.

The dances are improving every Friday evening, and we still urge members and friends to come along and make them more successful than ever.

M. REARDON,  
Min. Secretary.AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY  
LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

- Ancient Lowly—C. Osborne Ward; 2 vols., cloth, 16/-; posted 16/6.  
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